consent of the people, was not to Napoleon's liking, even though he traced in that career a resemblance to his own. The daily papers could publish no news except such as redounded to the credit of France, and dared not discuss religious matters at all. In the whole country there was but one unfettered genius, that of the painter Prud'hon, and he was free because he moved in the orbit of antiquity, within limits which did not intersect the public life of his day. Gros might perhaps rank near him, but David's talent and Chenier's muse were alike enthralled in fetters light but strong. Some high authorities have but lately claimed immortality for Senancour and the subtle abstractions of "Obermann"; but they are caviare not merely to the multitude, but to many of the initiated.

With France at his back and his great army perfectly equipped, the Emperor was now ready for the continental war which was to give permanency to his system. In the eyes of all Europe the rupture with England had been due to British bad faith in refusing to evacuate Malta according to the treaty of Amiens. Napoleon, in a second personal letter to George III, written with his own hand on January second, 1805, deprecated the consequences of this fact; he felt his conscience awakened by such useless bloodshed, and conjured his Majesty "not to refuse himself the happiness of giving peace to the world, nor to put it off to become a sweet satisfaction to his Majesty's children. It was time to silence passion and hear the voice of humanity and reason." The answer was evasive. England must first consult the continental powers with which she had confidential relations. As Parliament had in February voted five and a half million pounds sterling for secret purposes,—that is, as a subsidy to Austria, — there could be no doubt of what this answer meant.